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MICHAEL AGONISTES,

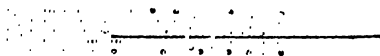
OR, THE CONTEST OF THE SPIRITS.

A SONG OF THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTMAS BELLS AND OTHER POEMS," ETC., ETC.

Edw. John Barker, Boston

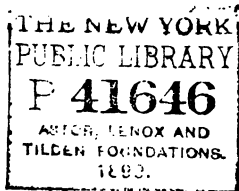
"There was war in Heaven."—Rev. XII. 7.



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TO
THE HON. D. D. BARNARD, ESQ., LL.D.,
OF ALBANY ;
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW-YORK ALPHA
OF THE
SOCIETY OF PHI BETA KAPPA,

THIS POEM IS,

..... WITH HIS PERMISSION,
.....
..... RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Una lis est seu controversia, bellum unum nobillissimum et homine
Christiano dignissimum, adversus hostes non longe quærendos : hos
πολέμα ἀσπονδά ad necem usque persequi æquissimum. In hac militia
strenue pugnemus omnes.

Archbishop Leighton.

ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕΣ
ΟΙ
ΥΠΟΧΡΕΩΤΗΤΕΣ

Michael Agonistes.

THERE WAS WAR IN HEAVEN: MICHAEL AND HIS ANGELS FOUGHT AGAINST THE DRAGON; AND THE DRAGON FOUGHT AND HIS ANGELS AND PREVAILED NOT; NEITHER WAS THERE PLACE FOUND ANY MORE IN HEAVEN: AND THE GREAT DRAGON WAS CAST OUT, THAT OLD SERPENT CALLED THE DEVIL, AND SATAN, WHICH DECEIVETH THE WHOLE WORLD, AND HE WAS CAST OUT INTO THE WORLD, AND HIS ANGELS WERE CAST OUT WITH HIM.

Rev. XII 7. 8. 9.

AND THE DRAGON WAS WROTH WITH THE WOMAN, AND WENT TO MAKE WAR WITH THE REMNANT OF HER SEED, WHICH KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD, AND HAVE THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST.

Rev. XII 17.

Bide thou thy time !

Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,

Sit in the gate and be the heathen's jest,

Smiling and self-possess.

O thou, to whom is pledg'd a victor's sway,

Bide thou the Victor's day !

Lyra Apostolica.

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Mine is no solitary choice,
See here the seal of saints impressed,
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages swells my breast.
The Liturgy.



PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally delivered before the New-York Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at their anniversary in July last, at Union College. It was subsequently delivered in Christ Church, Hartford, before the Alumni of Washington College, and before the Delta of the Sigma Phi Society, at Geneva College. At the request of these societies, although with unfeigned diffidence as to its merits, the author commits it to the press. He is painfully conscious that the performance falls infinitely below the dignity and grandeur of the theme he has ventured to choose. He is aware, also, that in many instances he has not availed himself of every source of interest which naturally fell in his way. The limits to which such exercises must necessarily be confined, forbade the full development of the design of the poem: and he has not felt himself at liberty, in preparing it for the press, to make any material alterations. In regard to the sentiments expressed in the text and notes, it may be proper to state that the author holds himself solely responsible, although he trusts that he has not abused the confidence extended to him, by the Societies whom he was called on to address.

ASTORIA INSTITUTE, Oct., 1843.

Throughout the older word, story and rite,
Throughout the new, skirting all clouds with gold
Through rise and fall, and destinies manifold,
Of pagan empires—through the dreams and night
Of nature, and the darkness and the light
Still young in hope, in disappointment old—
Through mists which fall'n humanity enfold
Into the vast and viewless infinite,
Rises th' ETERNAL CITY OF OUR GOD.

The Cathedral.

MICHAEL AGONISTES.

THE FIRST PART.

ARGUMENT.

PROEM. Invocation. Original glory of the Angels. The rebellion of the evil angels. Victory of Michael the Archangel in Heaven. The earth becomes the theatre of strife—the evil spirits enthroned and worshipped, in the old idolatries and in the mythology of Greece and Rome. Angelic succors to saints under the old economy. Address to Michael as the representative of the spirit of truth and loyalty, antagonist with the Dragon, the spirit of error, pride and misrule. **ROME**, her position and aspect at the birth of the Redeemer. The first great conflict with the Dragon in the Imperial age. The ten persecutions. The holy martyrs. Unity and strength of the Church. Accession of Constantine Augustus. Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon. The victory, and the golden days of rest.

O EVERLASTING GOD, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order ; mercifully grant, that as thy holy angels always do thee service in heaven ; so by thy appointment, they may succor and defend us on earth, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. Amen.

MICHAEL AGONISTES.

I.


Not to the fabled fount of Castaly,
The sacred groves in classic song renown'd,
Or the bold height where Delphi's splendors crown'd
The Muses' home, the realm of Poesie ;—
Not in the vales where, nightly, to the sound
Of that wierd lyre, by mortals deem'd divine,
Latona's gifted son led on the Nine, [ground ;—
While Nymphs and Dryads throng'd th' enchanted
Would we, in imitative lay,
With lingering footsteps stray,
Though o'er our path Mnemosyne should fling,
The brightest flowers of life's studious spring.

II.

We wander not through realms of ancient years
Where, like the faint gleam of some trembling star,
Through the red mists of morn discern'd afar,
Th' uncertain light of History appears
Struggling through lurid clouds of blood and tears ;—
Where, o'er his demon path,
Stalks fell Ambition, merciless and grim ;
And ruthless War, before whose torch of wrath
Hope's heavenly orb grows dim ;
Nor hath the mad career of godless Power
The frenzied revel of an earthly hour,
Fit theme for Christian hymn :—
Much less, the devious track of craft and sin
Wherein the sons of guile essay to win
Rewards, which generous virtue scorns to claim
A loveless sceptre and a blasted name.

III.

And though the Muse, from Nature's altars turning
With lingering fondness, seeks a loftier track,



She would not quench the pure, instinctive yearning

Which oft to Nature's bosom calls her back :—

For still her every beauty kindleth love

And thrills with bliss all sensual bliss above,

And in the rapture born of earth and skies,

In spring's soft kiss, in summer's warm caress,

In autumn's bounteous smiles and roseate dyes,

She owns the magic of her loveliness,

The charm, which sinks as an entrancing spell

Into her heart of hearts, departing never,

Glassing bright forms as in a crystal well,

And fresh with hues of living beauty ever.

For aye at morn, or sunset's witching hour,

The reverent spirit owns her genial power,

And in the softening hues which twilight flings,

With magic touch, o'er all created things—

In the bright mirror of the placid streams

Imag'd with stars and clouds—in brilliant gleams

Of midnight's solemn reign, th' awaken'd soul

By earthly bonds uncheck'd,

With vision purified from mists of sense,

Sees but the veil which hides the wondrous WHOLE

Of that great Temple, which Omnipotence
Hath rear'd for the Elect.

IV.

Awake a higher song
Celestial Muse !—though faint alas ! the tone
That would invoke thee from the sacred hill
And from the holy groves, wherein alone
Founts of true Poesy are gushing still.
The inspiration strong
Which touch'd, of old, prophetic lips with fire
And breath'd in rapture high
Through many a swelling harmony
When Israel's monarch-minstrel swept the lyre
Hath ceas'd forevermore ;
Nor e'er shall wake again
The music of such strain,
For mortal ears 'till earthly toils are o'er,
And the full chant of the celestial choir,
From golden harps, resounding through the skies
On myriad voices borne around the Throne shall rise.

V.

The harp of TASSO sleeps
Silent, amid the sepulchres of Rome ;
And cold, where earthly strifes and sorrows cease
Old DANTE slumbers, his majestic tone,
Hushed in the palace-hall and sacred dome ;
Hoar time his melancholy vigil keeps
Over the cloister'd arch and crumbling stone
Where MILTON rests in peace.
The heroes of high song
Are silent where they fell ;
Nor to their weak degenerate sons belong,
Their glorious strains, their harps' seraphic swell :—
And should the muse, in memory of these,
Disdain our childish numbers,—let it be !
Some strain, perchance, of those old harmonies
' Woke by our voice, may haunt the memory,
Recalling, in sweet echo, tones which thrill
With joy serene, as breath'd from Sion's hill.

VI.

A fount of truth divine
There is, upspringing ever fresh and bright,

Fast by the Temple's consecrated shrine,
Where still, to Faith's unclouded sight
Spirits of love hold vigil day and night :—
There humbly kneeling at the altar-stone,
The Church invites us freely to receive
The living treasure, which to her alone
For health of dying men her Lord did give ;
There, in the shadow of the mercy-seat
The secrets of the world's true history,
By God's own pencil sketch'd, our eyes shall greet
In outline clear, and vivid imagery ;
The SPIRIT and the BRIDE to that true home
Of rest and peace invite our wandering feet ;
Then to thy throne, REDEEMER ! will we come
And leaving earthly teachers learn of THEE.

VII.

By spirits twain the moral world is ruled,
By godless Pride, and loyal, heavenly Love ;—
One, born of sin, by long rebellion school'd,
One, God-inspir'd and nurtur'd from above :—
Be it our task, in brief discourse, to trace

The deeds of Love with Pride antagonist,
And sing the triumphs of celestial grace.

Nor ye who claim the song, nor ye who list
Its faltering tones, th' indulgent ear refrain
Though daring seem our flight, yet weak our labor'd strain.

VIII.

Through brilliant cycles of Eternity,
Ere God's creating word o'er Chaos rang,
Or ere, from bosom of that gloomy sea,
At birth of time, our universe upsprang,
All radiant in immortal strength and light,
The glorious Cherubim,
And burning Seraphim,
Archangels high and angels strong and bright,
Around the throne of heaven's high majesty
Roll'd ceaselessly their loud adoring hymn.
Princedom and thrones and hierarchies old,
To these in order due were given,
Oe'r sparkling realms supremacy to hold
By naught save the Eternal will controll'd :—

Till fierce dissension came,
And pride, with crest of flame,
Upstarting, reared its impious front on high,
And one bold angel of accursed name
Marshall'd his hosts for battle in the sky,
And "THERE WAS WAR IN HEAVEN."

IX.

In noblest strains, to loftiest lyre
Hath that great strife been sung
When roll'd, as from a fount of fire,
The high, heroic lay o'er Milton's glowing tongue ;
How first the glories of th' Incarnate Word
Reveal'd to angels, rous'd Pride's serpent brood,
And the arch-fiend stood up against the Lord
Nor ceas'd his strife till by great might subdu'd ;
With all the grandeur of that hour
When strong in love's resistless pow'r,
MICHAEL THE PRINCE,—archangel glorious,—
In conflict stern his angry hosts withstood,
And on heaven's battlements victorious,

With shining arms of warring Seraphim
“ Cast down that ancient Dragon dark and grim.”


X.

And still, though then, as lightning riven,
Sank all his pride before th' Archangel's might ;
And his rebellious host, as stars from heav'n,
Fell darkling, whelm'd in everlasting night ;—
Through many an earthly age of blood and gloom
Hath that bold spirit striven to resume
O'er human hearts disastrous mastery,
With open force, or secret craftiness,
By lies, hypocrisy, or wiles of sin,
Still militant with God's almightiness,
Still, baffl'd ever, ever mad to win,
In this our earth the empire lost on high,
And wage beneath the stars the conflicts of the sky.

XI.

O'er vast benighted realms, in gloom enthron'd
He rear'd the pomp of fierce Idolatry,

And earth's afflicted children helpless groan'd
 Beneath its hydra-scourge of tyranny,
When through unbridled lust and faithless pride
 His image, stamp'd on man's rebellious heart,
On myriad altars, boldly multiplied
 Semblance of Gods, so nam'd by godless art ;—
The serpent-brood to whom, in haunted shade
Of Thebes or Memphis, worship foul was paid ;
Assyria's glittering host, the train of night,
Worshipp'd in Daphnean groves with impious rite ;
Or that, in temple's shrin'd, to mark the sway
O'er prostrate nations of the God of Day :—
The monster-idol whose stupendous throne
Frown'd o'er the giant-walls of Babylon,
And Dagon fierce, and Moloch child of hell,
To Deities like these the sceptre fell,
While tower'd aloft, in domination vast
O'er all those mighty empires of the past,
O'er realms barbaric, mad with lust of blood
The pride of that arch enemy of God.



XII.

Then howl'd the fiends of war
In revel o'er their prey ;
And lust and rapine from afar,
Rush'd to their dreadful holiday ;
Till earth grew sick of blood,
And tears were quench'd in wrath,
Till fell the thunderbolts of God
On the destroyer's path.
Then pass'd that ruthless age
And other days came on :
Mild grew the Demon's eye of rage,
And mild his aspect shone ;
By fount and silver stream,
In grove and haunted dell,
Fair as the forms which throng the poet's dream
Bright shapes were feign'd to dwell.
Dian, chaste huntress of the silver bow,
Nymphs of the blushing cheek and brow of snow ;
Dryads of gentle eye and golden tresses.
Filling with mirth the verdant wildernesses

Satyrs and laughing Fauns in frolic play,
Sporting in careless glee the hours away,
The Paphian Goddess leading on her throng
Of glowing nymphs with witchery and song,
The gentle Graces and the fair hair'd Hours,
The Muses bearing laurel-wreaths and flowers,
Gifted Apollo, chosen of the Nine,
And Psyche, daughter of the soul divine,
Olympian Jove, with all the varied train
That own'd obedience to his haughty reign ;
These, shrined on earth or gloriously enthron'd
Above the skies, as deities were own'd,
Lords of the world, and masters of its doom
Incens'd in smoke of flaming hecatomb,
Adored by day in foul licentious rite,
Or hail'd in nameless revels of the night ;
By all the burning passions of the soul,
By hope, by fear, by wrath, by love's control,
By all the awakening energy of mind
Its thirst of truth, its wanderings vague and blind,
Its high aspirings and its strong desires,
Kindling the clay as with ethereal fires,

By all the genial charities which bind
The soul of man in union with his kind,
By those domestic ties, which, lovely ever,
Weave golden chains which time nor change may sever,
By these th' Apostate was allow'd to hold
O'er race of man an empire uncontroll'd
Allowed for wisest purposes, till heav'n
(The promis'd boon of mercy freely given)
His strength, by might celestial, should lay low,
And his drear throne cast down in signal overthrow.

XIII.

Not all unbroken was that moral night,
For oft, in anxious vigil, did the sage
Of noblest truth, from glimpse of heavenly light,
The future's cloudless dawn in hope presage,
When, o'er his musings, faint but cheering gleams
Of man's immortal destiny arose,
Shedding celestial light on earthly dreams,
And hope's sweet ray through night of mortal woes.
Gems of high truth did he of Academe,
Sage of the trusting heart and thought divine,

Win in his midnight toil, what time his theme

Dwelt on the glories of the mystic TRINE
Creative deity, at whose command

The glorious universe in light upsprung
And myriad orbs, all radiant from his hand,

Upon their radiant courses first were flung :—
'Neath the soft glow of the Italian skies,
With tranquil Hesper watching out the night,
At twilight's dewy close or morning's rise

Rome's gifted son, with new and strange delight
Nursed such aspirings in his awe-struck soul

And cloth'd the burden of his eloquent thought,
In words that cannot die—" When the dim goal

Of this mortality is pass'd, the spirit, wrought
Of deathless elements, shall join the throng
Of spirits pure to whom no taints belong.

In deepest contemplation and the toil

Of strong heav'n-reaching thought, the human mind
Thus won, by reason's aid, the noblest spoil

To gild the track which else were blind.

And aye, a chosen few there were

To whom a light divine,

In darkest times dawn'd clear and fair
Hail'd from no idol shrine ;
To whom celestial voices still
Bore oracles of God,
While earth was yet, as Eden's hill,
By shining angels trod :—
As when, through evening skies
By gloomy clouds o'erspread,
We mark sweet Hesper's bright uprise
From out her ocean bed,
Mild with celestial light
Yet faintly and afar
Gleam'd, through the darkness of that moral night,
Truth's radiant guiding star ;
With genial ray it shone
To those true souls of old
Who ' mid a recreant world, alone
Were faithful found and bold ;
Who valiant in that elder-day
Truth's life-long battle fought ;
Spirits of chief renown were they
And glorious deeds they wrought :—

To whom, the mental eye unseal'd
Glimpses of angel-ministries,
For aid in darkest peril were reveal'd—
As Bethel's glowing troop and Dothan's mysteries,
Antagonist with Satan ever, keeping
O'er saints of God, celestial watch and ward
Encamping still with zeal and love unsleeping
Around the chosen soldiers of the Lord.

XIV.

But why such history prolong
When nobler themes demand the song?—
When as Redemption's hour drew on
The day of grace by heaven appointed,
Celestial forms again
Gather'd on hill and plain,
And banded angels sang sweet orison
To hail the advent of the Lord's annointed.

XV.

Thy triumphs Michael ! glorious champion—
Archangel,—by whose arm the Dragon's might,

Through strength atchieved by God's eternal son
Was gloriously subdued in earnest fight :—
Thy deeds, bright leader of the Seraphim !—
Victor o'er sin in Paynim pomp enthron'd
Fain would we celebrate in glowing hymn,
Nor yet—albeit by God's high mandate own'd
For such emprize, through zeal and loyalty—
Should aught of adoration rise to thee :
CHRIST's was the strength by which the field was won
His be the glory, His the praise alone.

XVI.

Lo !—thron'd majestic on her seven hills
And, humbl'd at her feet, a world in chains,
'Mid legion'd hosts, whose voice of terror thrills
From Sycthia's wilds to India's burning plains,
Queen of the nations ! ROME her task fulfils
And o'er a godless world, in godless power reigns :
Her pomp profane, the spoil of thousand years ;—
Her flaunting purple drench'd with blood and tears,—
Her iron cohorts, thronging sea and shore,
Demons of carnage drunk with human gore,—

Her towers crowning every mountain height,
Flush'd with day's dawning and departing light,—
Her tier, studded with barbaric gems,—
Her tribute told in regal diadems,—
She sits supreme :—while radiantly afar,
 From senate halls and domes august unseen,
Shrin'd in the east, MESSIAH's herald-star
 Gleams from th' ethereal blue with light serene.

XVII.

A thousand shrines are bright with glowing fires,
 A thousand victims on the altars bleed ;
While rolls the nightly hymn from vestal choirs
 And trembling augurs varied omens read,
Reckless of God, from morn till set of sun
The toil, the folly of the world goes on.
And calm, on loftiest height of earthly power,
 Blindly reposing o'er a conquer'd earth
The Cæsar sits, unknowing what the hour,
 Hasting in silence its stupendous birth :
O boasted pomp of earthly majesty !
 O tinsel trappings of a falling throne !

Cast down thine eagle-standards, Victory !

JEHOVAH rules—the work of ROME is done :—
Henceforth the struggles of her waning hour
Are but the throes of life's departing power ;—
Henceforth the heavings of her strength shall be,
The gladiator's dying energy,
Short, fierce, terrific, spent 'mid wreck and blood,
In fiery ebb of nature's mystic flood.

XVIII.

Hark ! sweetly rising on the midnight air,
Where sleeps Judea 'neath the orient skies
From troops of angels fair
What anthems of celestial note arise ?
Singing of peace and mercy mild,
Of God and sinners reconcil'd :
What though Cæsar hear them not,
What though royal eyes are shut,
When that stranger-star on high
Greets the waiting sage's eye :
Time hath had no crisis brighter
Than those midnight moments are ;

Earth no radiance to light her,
Like the shining of that star.
As floats the anthem o'er the silent plain
A louder note, a loftier strain,
From myriad harps through heav'n's high arch is pouring ;
And Gabriel strikes again
Through choral sweet, and silver-ton'd refrain
Redemption's note, midst countless host adoring ;
While joyful from their seats of old dominion
Thronging the throne, or round heaven's altars soaring
Princes angelic spread the glowing pinion ;
Join in the loud hosannah of the skies
And chant in glorious lays
Th' incarnate Saviour's praise
To loftiest measures tun'd, in swelling harmonies.


XIX.

The shadows of the law retire
Before the gopel's dawning ray ;
And fast the sacrificial fire
On Sion's altars dies away .
Godhead descends with man to dwell

And Judah's prophets hail Emmanuel !
Through the long trials of his earthly years,
Through patient toil, through love's forgiving tears,
Through loneliest years of anguish and distress
Spent in the city and the wilderness,
Through storms of wrath whose fiery deluge roll'd
Across his soul, in agonies untold ;
Through the strong conflicts in the desert wag'd
With hell once more in open strife engag'd,
Through midnight watchings in Gethsemane
Through the dread sacrifice of Calvary,
Through the atoning blood in mercy shed
When bow'd in death his meek submissive head,
Through all th' unnumber'd woes for man endur'd
Till justice smil'd and pardon was secur'd,
Wrestl'd th' incarnate God with death and hell
With strong right arm o'erthrowing all their pride,
Till prostrate 'neath his cross the tyrant fell
And angels hail'd as ris'n the Lord that died ;
Then to his throne 'midst glittering hosts ascending
At God's right hand assum'd his seat again,
Laden with glorious spoils, with bliss unending
To bless and sanctify the sons of men.

XX.

As heaves Christ's kingdom in its glorious birth
What signs prophetic gather o'er the earth !
Where Salem's towers in regal grandeur rise,
Stately and beautiful beneath the skies,
What shadows darken, as the musing eye
Essays to trace her closing history !
Lo, dimly hovering o'er the sacred courts,
Th' avenging angel waves the sword of doom
Where, in hot overthrow, Rome's fierce cohorts
Wreak all the long-pent fury of their ire,
And through the Temple's consecrated gloom,
Sweeps the red torrent of devouring fire :
Through all the horror of that fearful hour
Speaks, trumpet-tongued, the Lord's insulted power ;
The hour wherein, to faith's unclouded sight
Present and future with the past unite,
While the old covenant by hand divine
Annull'd for aye, as sinks its glorious shrine,
In shadows huge forever rolls away
As twilight mists before the glance of day :



There, where—the law's august design complete—
In crisis dread the mighty ages meet,
As tower on tower falls and stone on stone,
What voices speak in deepest, sternest tone,
Voices of warning with mysterious sound
Of mightiest change prophetic, echoing round,
While hosts ethereal, militant on high,
And fiery legions line the glowing sky :
Stupendous hour ! what awful portents call
From wreck of Sion, mightiest in her fall,
Call us to ponder well the lore sublime
Wherein are hid the secrets of all time.
Israel's proud temple sinks no more to rise
But in her overthrow what meaning lies ?
Through the rent veil and o'er the darken'd shrine
Rolls the full splendor of a light divine :—
Shades of vast empires, slumbering in the womb
Of time, rise up gigantic from the gloom,
While from their ancient bounds to ruin hurl'd
Rush the dominions of the ancient world ;
Earth bides her crisis-time, but what are ye
Grim instruments of Roman tyranny ?

Behold, where in the frozen North afar
Glares the red symbol of barbaric war,—
Behold where Alaric with fierce control
Plucks your brave Eagles from the Capitol ;
Behold, 'neath carnage clouds which veil the sun
Where sweep the wild hordes of the conquering Hun,
Proud cities fall and nature's fruitful bed
Turns to a desert 'neath his courser's tread :
Behold and tremble with unwonted fear
The Goth comes on—the hour of doom is near.

XXI.

Yet other scenes from that prophetic mount,
The muse discerning, gladly would recount :—
With steady progress through long years of peace
With gathering vigor in the times of strife.
She marks the Church of God increase,
Sustained and nourish'd by supernal life :
As a fountain, in the shade
Of some verdant hill-side, welling
Living waters through the glade
Gradual to a streamlet swelling,



Till the rill becomes a brook
Laving mead and rocky nook
Till the brook becomes a river,
Flowing deeply, silent ever,
Till the river blends with ocean
Strong and vast, in billowy motion ;
Thus thy kingdom Lord ! hath been
 Small and feeble in its spring,
Yet, though thus despis'd of men
 Conquering earth, O saviour king.

XXII.

As with the hosts of sin,
 Came on the appalling strife ;
How swelled the fearful battle-din
 With wo and carnage rife,
Dark towering o'er her crumbling shrines
 Frowns fierce idolatry, with brow of hate,
And with her blood-stained fillets fast entwines
 The dark insignia of godless state ;
From the proud chambers of the Capitol
The threatening edicts of the Cæsars roll,

While girded for the war, on either hand
In breathless pause, two mighty powers stand.

XXIII.

Boastful and proud, with madd'ning tramp and din
Blind to the aspect of the coming doom,
I see the many-legion'd host of sin
Sweep, like a lurid torrent, through the gloom ;
Hoary and huge, o'er all the sounding plain
Tower the bulwarks of th' Apostate's reign ;
Stupendous arch and pillar proud and high,
The trophied monuments of victory ;
Vast structures fashion'd by Titanic skill
Where lust and murder glut their brutal will—
Temples august and fanes whose sculptured height
Enthroned the glories of the Pagan's might ;
Wherein, through long years uncontroll'd
The dragon wrought his baleful will,
And with his hosts abhorr'd
Relentless fierce and bold,
In pride and rancor still
Stood up against the Lord

XXIV.

Then, O Redeemer, was thy conquering arm
Through might supernal, gloriously display'd ;
The shield of faith was given to guard from harm,
To wage the war the spirit's two-edg'd blade :
Through the dim shadows of those olden years,
With angels hovering in the van, I see
The hosts of God, in banded strength sublime
Treading the path of suffering and tears
Which leads to heaven from the shores of time ;
The "goodly fellowship of prophets" old,
With the "Apostles glorious company"
The "noble army of the martyrs," crowned ;—
Confessors meek and bold,
And saints, whose names enroll'd
In the bright records of eternity,
Ask for no earthly fame's delusive sound :
There strong in God's own might,
Faithful while life remains,
They stand in earnest, glorious fight ;
Triumphant 'mid their pains

O for an angel's sounding lyre—

O for a seraph's tongue of fire!—

XXV.

Hark from the Coliseum's crowded walls,
Rolls deep and stern the people's brutal roar ;
Imperial Rome for Christian victims call
And tyrant fear awakes to sleep no more ;
O'er the red sea of carnage, Nero hangs
In ribald jest deriding nature's pangs,
With scornful brow Domitian waves on high
The signal-staff of horrid butchery ;—
Cold as the marble, blazon'd with his fame
Trajan looks down upon the rack and flame ;—
And calm in stoic pride, with brow benign,
Smiles o'er the wreck the godless Antonine :—
Severus stern and haughty Maximin
Cheer on, with shouts, the harpy-hosts of sin,
While mad with fear and unrelenting hate
Decius assumes the tyrant's vengeful state ;
Bewitch'd by arts accurst, and blindly wed
To foulest rites, by crafty counsels led,

Valerian lifts through many a fiery hour,
The bloody sign of persecuting power,
Nor aught abates the fury of the storm
When fills the throne Aurelian's warlike form.

XXVI.

Nor these alone ! From chambers foul and vile
Where sleeps the hero-dust of Macedon
Girt by the waters of the sluggish Nile,
A serpent brood, in varied guise comes on ;
With crest of pride and tongue of deepest wile
Haunting the porch and learning's sacred grove,
With high discourse of wisdom, truth and love,
In honied strains its crafty counsels weaves,
Woos vain philosophy with gentle smile
And o'er her fast decline in sadness grieves.
Entranc'd, the Stoic smooths his brow of pride,
The dreaming Platonist forsakes his guide,
And soon, through loud pretence and lying strains,
The new delusion all unquestion'd reigns ;
Joyful and eager from their horrid shades
Burning with rage, the baffled spirits throng ;

Hope of new victory, their ranks pervades,
And peals on high their boastful battle-song ;
Th' Eclectic Hierarchs, with rage and fear,
Fill with quick venom th' imperial ear,
Sage and idolater with heart of blood
Breathe common curses on the Church of God.

XXVII.

Array thy hosts, strong champion of the Lord :
The conflict's hottest hour draws on apace—
Galerius waves the persecuting sword,
And Dioclesian breathes no word of grace :—
From Nicomedia's regal halls
A voice of sternest warning calls
To glorious martyrdom :
O'er all the earth, satanic ire
Sweeps, like a lava-stream of fire,
Pour'd from the burning heart of Rome,
And everywhere the martyr's blood
Bedews the heritage of God.

XXVIII.

In vain :—for nought avails their rage
Against the sons of light,

With whom celestial powers engage
Around God's chosen heritage
 Encamping day and night ;
 What victory in death,
 What triumphs nobly won,
Were theirs, who with their dying breath
 Ador'd th' Eternal son,
When the heart's blood of Paul,
 For Christ's true spouse flowed free,
And, bound in glorious thrall :
Unto the cross on which his Master hung,
Burst words of love and faith's high victory
 From PETER's fervent tongue ;—
When old IGNATIUS rushed with ardent feet
To yield his life at Trajan's judgment seat ;—
When JUSTIN, glorious martyr, meek and bold
In Roman ears his high confession told ;—
And POLYCARP, in Smyrna's idol-grove,
Clos'd gloriously his gentle life of love ;
When CYPRIAN fell, as falls the forest-oak,
Yielding its green heart to the lightning-stroke,
But from whose mighty overthrow

A thousand seeds are cast,
From whence upsprung, a thousand oaks shall grow
In verdant strength, unconquer'd 'neath the blast.

XXIX.

Yes !—God defends his own :—
With cheering light
Through all the night
Celestial succors shone ;
And faith in every threat'ning hour,
Beheld the tokens of his power ;
O'er all the field, truth's radiant helm
Shone glorious as a sun ;
With light serene, conducting on
The chosen of the Lord ;
But charged with blinding fire to whelm
In hot defeat th' apostate race abhorr'd ;—
Till, struck with ruin manifold,
Idol and shrine together roll'd
With all their howling company
Headlong in one engulfing sea :
In vain Plotinus weaves his artful strain,

In vain the syren-speech of Porphyry :
From her usurp'd dominion swept amain, .
In the same wreck sinks false philosophy !
O'erthrown the lying spirits yielded
Before the keen celestial sword,
The two-edg'd weapon of the Lord,
With might resistless wielded :
The strength deserts the oppressor's arm
And edgeless falls the tyrant's blade,
Fair o'er the fast retreating storm
The cross of conquest is display'd ;
Till, victor in a thousand fields,
By noblest prowess, nobly won,
A Christian prince the sceptre wields,
As climbs the blue with light benign
The ruling star of Constantine,
And with her beauteous garments on,
The Church asserts her rightful sway
And girds her for the triumph-day.

XXX.

Then sweetly round her hallow'd rest,
Spirits of love that fairest be,

With gentle reign and influence blest,
Throng'd in their willing ministry ;
'Then star-eyed hope, serene and mild,
Led on her smiling company,
And faith, from trial undefiled,
Came hand in hand with charity ;
Then one in doctrine, order, aim,
Christ's spouse she was, nor own'd another name,
Nurtur'd by faithful pastors, God ordain'd,
True to her Lord, and by her Lord sustain'd,
Rich in celestial fruits, matur'd indeed
'Midst trials long, from Apostolic seed,
Loyal, and catholic, in faith and heart,
Right nobly did she bear her part ;
Till primal creed and old Te Deum
Thrill'd where darkest rites had been,
And heathen-fane and Coliseum
Echoed the praise of Christian men.

XXXI.

'Midst warlike din, and crash of falling thrones,
Fierce Gothic onset and internal strife,

Dismember'd fast, the bleeding empire groans
Through every organ of her giant life ;
Yet what though consul, senate, lictor
Fell before the Scythian victor,
What though the purple from the Cæsar torn
Dishonor'd, to the dust was trod in scorn,
Though o'er bold Alaric's broad path of blood,
Swept on at length the last fell "scourge of God."
'Midst all the wreck thy kingdom, Lord !
In strength and firmest union grew,
Guarded by the spirit-sword,
By Apostles bold and true.
To fam'd Nicæa's council halls
The voice of her devotion calls,
And heresy abash'd sinks down,
As rais'd aloft in warning tone
'Gainst Alexandria's recreant race
Swells the bold voice of Athanasæ :
Byzantium's synod heard the sound
And her free children, faithful found,
With generous zeal gave back the strain,
And still, from age to age borne on,
The glorious burden woke again
From Ephesus and Chalcedon

XXXII.

Baffled in many a devious track
Of Arian craft and Gnostic wile,
The troubling spirits driven back,
Christ's spotless spouse may not defile ;
Inspired of hell, apostate men
Essay her altars to o'erthrow,
But the base stroke recoils again,
And Julian sinks beneath the blow.
Prelates august, of east and west,
In bright succession dauntless stand,
And by their godly counsels blest,
The Church, with zeal for truth inspir'd,
With love's unfailing ardor fir'd,
Triumphant from th' oppressor's rod,
Goes forth to win the world to God.

XXXIII.

We know her deeds, her voice we hear ;—
What watch-words for the future rose,
When thrill'd on the Imperial ear,

Thy stern rebuke, Ambrose !—
 And truth's free voice unaw'd by man,
 Roll'd through the domes of old Milan !
 Basil and high-soul'd Gregory,
 In the long line of saints we see,
 And Chrysostom, whose tongue of gold
 An empire's fickle heart controll'd ;
 Augustine, called from error's night,
 A standard-bearer of the light,
 All meekly mid their world renown,
 Bearing the Apostolic crown.



MICHAEL AGONISTES.

THE SECOND PART.

ARGUMENT.

PRELUDE. The rise of superstition. Corruptions of the Papacy. The Scourge of Mohammedanism. The Church in the Wilderness. The three angels flying in the midst of heaven. The conflict at the Reformation. The scourge of misrule. The Church of England, her confessors and martyrs. The French Revolution and dawn of the Anti-Christian age. The three foul spirits of Anarchy, Atheism and Superstition. Aspects of the present age. Position and duty of the Church. The Angels ministers to the Church in her conflicts with the power of the Dragon. Motives to energy, faithfulness, and zeal. The promises to the Church. Conclusion. •

O ! th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man against his greatest foe :—
How oft do they their silvery bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want !
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love and nothing for reward,
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard.
FAIRY QUEEN

MICHAEL AGONISTES.

I.

When dawn'd the summer morn,
On Dothan's gates, of old,
And round her walls, in flaunting scorn,
The Syrian foe his haughty strength displayed,
And from their tents of silk and gold,
With tow'ring helm and burnish'd blade
His glittering cohorts roll'd ;—
How brightly to the Prophet's eye
The fair, celestial legions shone,
As, thronging from their ranks on high,
The chariots, wing'd with light,
And fiery coursers, strong and bright,
O'er hill and mead came rolling on,
Far-gleaming on the plain and crowning ev'ry height,

II.

When rose the balmy summer night,
 Serene, o'er Salem's stately towers,
The watchman on the sacred height,
 Beheld, dismay'd, the hostile powers
Which, from his barbarous realms afar
Th' Assyrian brought for godless war ;
He saw his star-gemm'd banners stream
 O'er gay pavilions, throng'd with life ;
He caught the goblet's ruddy gleam,
 And heard the song, with boasting rife,
Yet knew not that, with wing of doom,
 Th' avenging angel hover'd there,
Till hoarsely, through the midnight gloom,
 Arose the shriek of wild despair,
And all that host at morning, lay
Lifeless, beneath the glance of day.

III.

Such succors, to his saints,
 The Lord vouchsaf'd of old ;—

Nor all in vain, to him who faints
Within this vale of sin, shall be
Of such the thrilling history
In after ages told.

Though dark around thee seem the way,
And threat'ning clouds obscure thy path,
And banded foes, in sullen wrath,

Thine onward steps gainsay,
Take courage pilgrim !—God hath said

His grace shall be thy stay :—
His strength'ning spirit to thy heart,
Shall holy hope and joy impart ;
Let faith divine thine eyes unseal—
Let pray'r the glorious light reveal,

Which, from the Living Word
In full and free effulgence streams
To guide, with its unclouded beams,

The chosen of the Lord :—

Then shalt thou know how bright a cloud

Of witnesses, thy steps surround,

That angel hosts around thee crowd,

To journey with thee, to life's farthest bound,
Till patience, zeal, and faith, shall be with blessing
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IV.

Nor let thy soul refuse to hear
 The varied story of the past,
How oft, with tempests black and drear,
 The moral sky hath been o'ercast ;—
How long—oppress'd with foulest charms,—
 The Church of God, in darkness lay,
Fast bound in error's noisome arms,
 Nor sought the heavenly ray :—
Yet learn, how o'er the lengthen'd night
 The orb of truth unclouded rose,
How throng'd the spirits, true and bright
To overwhelm, with glorious might
 The Lord's exulting foes :
Till, arm'd anew with faith and truth,
Lovely, as in her vigorous youth,
 The Spouse of Christ put on
Salvation's glittering helm again,
Wip'd from her robes, the unholy stain,
And struggl'd nobly till the crown was won.

V.

Alas, that sin, with withering blight ;
The fairest growth of grace should check,
And earthly passion, overwhelm the light
Of faith divine, in dreariest wreck ;
That, ever since the baleful hour,
When 'neath the subtle tempter's power,
The crown of virtue fell,
Pride and rebellion, born of him,
The noblest works of God should dim,
With foulest mists of hell ;
That still 'mid vengeful foes, alas !—
The Christian's girded life must pass,
With watchful error, join'd in strife,
While throbs the pulse of mortal life.

VI.

Where rose the cloud ? Whence burst the storm ?
Lo ! darkly, in th' o'erclouded West,
Godless ambition's giant form,
With mitred brow and mailed breast,

Towers aloft, in pomp profane,
And dares with crime the cross of Christ to stain.
Through the long night of anarchy and blood,
When, wave on wave, the fierce barbaric flood
 Prostrates the last vain hope of Rome,
 The MAN OF SIN, uprears his throne
From smouldering wreck of Empire's ancient home,
 With impious boast, 'till then unknown
 To lord it over Christendom ;
 And strives, with bold and harsh essay
 To bring the world beneath his sway.
Welded with fire of purgatorial pain,
Grows, link on link, the despot's iron chain,
And the abuséd power of the keys
Locks, in base thrall, man's noblest energies ;—
Begitt with horrid ban and penal spell
Of earthly woes and threat'ned pangs of hell,
 Prouder than she who from her haughty seat,
 'Midst the old splendors of the Capitol,
With myriad nations, crouching at her feet,
 Sent through the world the voice of her control ;
World-wide, heaven-high, the PAPAL monster grows,

Fumes out his day, with lust of power blind,
While writhes beneath, in vain convulsive throes,
The down-crush'd vigor of the human mind.

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'Twere sad to tell how long through darkest years,
Shorn of her strength, and weak in love,
Faithless to her Saviour's tears,
Did the Church herself approve ;
How earthly lust, profane ambition,
Contest begat, and fell division,
How Judas-priests and godless men
Rent the Saviour's body then,
And east and west, in open strife
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With one red hand the Koran grasping,
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They sweep the earth with wing of doom :—
Where sleeps the old celestial blade ?—
Where Michael tarries now thine aid ?—
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Around the everlasting throne,
With veiled brow and folded wings,
Silent they stand ;—while earth's wild groan
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In humble adoration there,
They own the doom by justice given
Till recreant man's repentant prayer,
Shall stay the thunderbolts of heaven.
The chariot-wheels of grace
Are stay'd upon th' eternal hills :
Of mercy's radiant bow, no trace

The dark horizon fills ;
No trace to human eye indeed,
As temple after temple falls,
O'er all the world, in accents dread,
The voice of desolation calls ;—
Broken the sceptre, dimm'd the crown,
Purple and lawn defil'd with blood,
And court and altar trampled down,
In impious contempt of God :—
All through the black, on-rolling clouds,
With baleful and portentous beam,
Like lightning from the tempest-shrouds
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When mighty with unbroken power
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In seven-fold chain of galling fear,
The suffering nation's bind,
And superstition's dreadful spell,
More than the might of infidel
Prostrates the general mind :—
How long O, Lord !—Thou just and true
Shall call in vain thy suffering saints ?
The meek elect—the faithful few
Whom no foul spot of sin attaints.
Speak—watchman on the heavenly height !—
What promise 'midst the gloom is born ?
Rises the day-star on the night ?—
And when shall break the blessed morn ?

XI.

“ Faithful among the faithless ” found,
A meek and holy few there were,
Who, hopeful 'midst despair,
By no base thralldom bound,
Bent to no standard which the foe unfurl'd,
Preserv'd their robes, unsullied from the world,

Kept all their heavenly armor bright
And bravely scorn'd 'midst error's night
To yield the red-cross of the Christian knight.
Christ's secret one's were these
Who in communion still
With his unfaithful Church, drew in
Life, from those hidden ministries
Of grace, which take no check from sin ;
Like heav'n's sweet dew's which oft distill
Most balmily in darkest hours
Upon the vernal grass, or pale autumnal flowers.

XII.

An angel in the midst of heav'n
On fleetest pinion flying,
To whom a glorious charge is giv'n,
In the prophetic ear is crying :
“ Fear God : to him the glory give—
The judgment hour draws near !—
Worship supreme from all that live
He claims, and holy fear.”
And lo !—all glorious on his track of fire
A spirit strong and tall,

Follows amain, with accents swelling higher
 Through ev'ry strain, proclaiming error's fall,
 And chants the overthrow of Babylon
 Through strength and grace of Jesus won.
 To him a third succeeds, whose radiant brow
 Is darken'd with the gloom of holy ire,
 Saying—"To that false image bend not thou
 From all the foul haunts of THE BEAST retire."
 And hark how sweetly on the air
 A low seraphic tone,
 Rises like the voice of prayer,
 "Blesséd from henceforth are the dead
 Who in the Lord shall die,
 Whose works of faith a holy lustre shed
 Around their lives—whose names are heard on high"—

* * * * *

XIII.

The morning comes :—fast speeds the night !
 Jesus again displays his might—
 And faith divine, and zeal are given
 In the darkest hour of wo,

When the Church, as left of heaven,
Seemed no light, no strength to know :
O'er the falling Papal throne,
Jehovah rules, and rules alone,
To rescue truth oppress'd, to break
The spiritual despot's rod,
Enduring all for Christ's dear sake,
Go forth the valiant men of God,
Angelic legions throng again
With speedy succors to sustain
The standard-bearers of the Lord,
The heralds of his quick'ning word.
Chosen in evil times to be
The advocates of God with men,
Their stirring accents fearlessly
Rang in the danger's threat'ning van ;
Unquailing at the oppressor's frown,
Unterrified, when ghostly pride,
With maniac zeal, was bearing down,
Its tens of thousands at their side :
The rock of ages, firm abreast,
They stood in perils and alarms,

And calmly amidst all did rest
Upon the Everlasting Arms.

XIV.

Who raised the standard—led the host
It boots not now to tell,
No noble name hath e'er been lost
From out that glorious chronicle ;
No truthful voice, no rallying word
Upraised by these, was rais'd unheard :
The conflict and the triumph came,
Earnest and true
The struggle grew,
Abash'd before th' all conquering name
Of Christ supreme, the rebellious crew
Shrank to their dens of shame :
Then, mighty from protracted sleep
The enfranchis'd mind arose,
Then heav'd the moral deep
With life's returning throes.
And then through fiery trials borne
'Midst tempest, wreck and blood,

While from their old foundations torn,
Thrones and old empires tottering fell,
The ark divine—the Church of God
Outrode the dreadful swell.

XV.

Outrode the storm—but not unharm'd
For dimly through the black, dispersing cloud
In guise of light, but with fell ruin arm'd,
The tempter's scowl was seen—his voice was heard :
Till, woke by him, in accents vague and loud,
Misrule and error, spake the baleful word.
Spake not in vain, alas ! for some there were
Who call'd the lying voice, the voice of God,
And lured by unbelief and pride
With headlong zeal, unfurl'd the hostile sail
From the true ark, in crazed barks abroad
With canvass strain'd to reason's fitful gale,
With swelling words, in dreadful revelry
Rushing unpiloted through error's shoreless sea.

XVI.

Tears for the wounded Church of God,
From faithful eyes were shed,

For not the old oppressor's rod,
Nor superstition's charms of dread,
Wrought greater ruin to her strength
As that which schism brought on at length,
Altars 'gainst altar, fast arrayed,
Inscrib'd with Christ's insulted name,
To all th' accusing world betray'd
The secret of her burning shame.

XVII.

Tears for the wounded Church of God
But honor to the noble few,
Who uneduc'd, unshaken stood,
True to the Lord, and to his body true.
Honor to them who meekly strove to draw,
Each human gloss from God's eternal law,
From truth's fair face to wash the transient stain,
Till shone the spouse of Christ all-glorious again.
O, deem we no celestial aid was nigh
When single-handed in the glorious strife
The martyr'd JEROME thought it gain to die,
And brave old WICLIF perill'd more than life ?

When saintly LATIMER, enrob'd with fire,
 Uprais'd to heav'n his meek rejoicing eye,
And CRANMER found the persecutor's ire,
 Less dreadful than his brief apostacy ;
No, doubter, no !—though all to human sight
 Seem dark and cold, no Christian hero falls,
Uncheer'd of heaven, or by angelic might
 Ineffably sustained. Though unbelief appal
The faithless multitude, and their false love
 Dies in the peril, He who from above
Strengthens the souls of those who live for him,
 Is ever near, with aid
 In streams unseen convey'd,
By grace which finds and fills the heart,
 And holy love whose guileless art
Sees through all clouds that would her glance bedim,
And where to sense profane, the moral sky
Is charg'd with ruin, feels his angels nigh.

XVIII.

The tale of that eventful age is told
 In living records known and read of all,

Till earth, denying God, complacent heard,
With shouts and smiles the scoffer's foulest word :
Then fell the wrath unmix'd—then burn'd the rage,
The anarchy, the crime of this, the anti-christian age.

XXI.

.Hoarse muttering afar,
We seem to hear its dying thunder-peals,
And the red glimmer of its baleful star,
'Midst gloom inspher'd, the far horizon fills.
Shadows of dread, fast hovering to and fro,
With frantic look, and inarticulate wail,
Reveal the madness of the scoffers' wo,
Speak—more than words—the unbelievers' tale :—
'These onward pass to doom :—but in their train
A trifold reptile, such as ne'er before
Defil'd the earth, with voice and strength amain,
O'er all the earth its deaf'ning clamours pour.
Chaotic darkness ANARCHY and crime,
Rush in their train ;—and fast with those combine ;
Bold ATHEISM eager to regain
The demon-splendors of its Gallic reign,

And SUPERSTITION with its scorpion thong
Driving amain its spectre-ridden throng.
From the foul marsh, where godless sages sit
Hatching the produce of licentious wit,
With crest of flame, and eye of fiendish glare
Through slimy mud-rifts gasping for the air,
Embolden'd to desert their genial night
Sin's hissing brood of serpents crawl to light.

XXII.

Lo ! in the sacred halls where Luther sought
The face of truth with pray'r and wasting thought ;
O'er the fair realms by martyr-blood bedew'd,
And storied fields by holy ashes strew'd ;
Where once thy wing, O Michael ! shone the while
And strength'ning angels throng'd the martyr-pile,
The blight of dreariest unbelief has clung,
And drops the gall from error's syren tongue.
Defil'd, insulted, trampled to the dust,
Where once it stood, the sinner's only trust,
The Cross gives place to reason's bauble-wand,
And worldly craft makes light of Christ's command.

Though godless wit, with transcendental boast,
Usurp the name of truth, and on the page
Of barren sophistry, 'midst shadows lost
Worship the lying spirit of the age ;—
Though false philosophy, with sensual mind,
Points to the path where error wanders blind ;
And genius sings in wildest, impious strain
The orgies of the lost ;—and, bolder yet,
Foul superstition lifts her scourge again,
And error plumes her motley coronet,
Be true to Heaven :—be true to God,
True to the Church, Christ's witness and his spouse,
True to that heavenly light which once enshrined
Through faithful prayer on blest baptismal vows,
Within thy mortal frame,
Must glow for aye, with brightest purest flame :
Or, from the moral system cast abroad,
Burn on for aye, with fierce unending fires,
With demon passions lash'd, and curs'd with mad desires.

XXVI.

Alas, for thee, O brother !—if thy heart,
Seduc'd, shall waver 'neath the tempter's art ;—

If, losing sight of truth's celestial face,
The Syren wins thee to her foul embrace ,
All beautiful her brow may seem,—and fair
Her smile—but know, the mask of hell is there.
When to her path's she would thy footsteps bend,
Turn from the beckoning of the lying fiend,
All rules are false, which own no heavenly rod,
All motives sin, that centre not on God,
All fervor base, which knows no sin forgiven,
All knowledge vain, which leadeth not to heaven.

XXVII.

The Spartan mother gave
To her departing boy, a soldier-shield ;
To bear it in the legions of the brave
 Unsullied through the strife
 His dearest pledge of life,
Or, on it borne, return, a martyr from the field.
 Thus to the conflict speed
With truth's bright buckler to thine armor bound,
Battling for her who is Christ's Spouse indeed,
Blest mother, who to HIM thy steps doth lead ;—
Nor yield the gift till victory's trump shall sound,
Or falling, win from HIM, the martyr's glorious meed.

XXVIII.

She, in that solemn hour,
When o'er thy brow baptismal waters fell—
 (Emblem of Grace divine, whose cleansing pow'r,
To faith vouchsaf'd 'in mystic miracle,'
 Renews the heart with soft reviving show'r,)
From the false world of unbelief and sin
 Receiv'd thee :—and with holy prayer and vow,
To the true fold of Jesus brought thee in,
 And stamped salvation's signet on thy brow.
CHRIST's soldier then she made thee ;—one whose part
It is to wage with firm and loyal heart,
That ' earnest, endless strife' with God's own foes,
Who to His truth their godless craft oppose.
Betray not thou the glorious trust ;—nor dim
 With stain of earthly lust the armor bright,
Which in close battle thou must wield for HIM,
 'Gainst earth's allurements and the hosts of night.

XXIX.

GOD's WITNESS in all time
His Church hath been ;—'tis still her charge sublime,
 To preach the Heav'nly Word,

By whomsoe'er unheard,
Through earth's dense night of error, craft and crime :
Be all thy spirit stirr'd
With zeal to hear and sound the notes abroad,
Till Satan flee before the word of God :
Nor deem thyself alone,
Though few be with thee in the trial-day,
Though thousands scorn to own
Her Lord and thine, and at His gracious throne
Bend not the knee, or bend it to betray :
His promise stands ;—nor shall his glorious arm
Delay to shield his chosen ones from harm ;
Then labor, watch and pray,
Let no false wiles thy vigilance disarm,
But, faithful at thy post,
Oppose th' invading host,
And put thy trust in him who guards his saints alway.

XXX.

Deem not thou art alone :—
The countless legions of th' Elect of God, [trod :
The same great battle wag'd, the same rough pathway
The meek confessors of the olden time,

The saints of God, whose history sublime,
Speaks yet with trumpet tone :—
The martyr'd host, the great departed band,
In spirit join'd with thee, around thee seem to stand,
These, with the faithful few, who, at thy side,
Through weal or wo, the noble strife maintain,
Thy true compeers and witnesses remain ;
While angel-hosts on all thy deeds attent,
Around thee throng, or from heav'n's battlement,
Applauding, watch the issue of the strife,
To thy worn frame celestial succors bring
Or cleave the crystal air with golden wing,
To bathe thy brow in death, or welcome thee to life.

XXXI.

From the realms of the storied past,
From the mighty deep of time,
Like a trumpet note or a battle blast,
There comes a voice sublime :
It speaks of the strength which the Lord hath giv'n
To his spouse on earth from his throne in heav'n :—
While his true Elect their voices raise

In suppliant tones and in songs of praise,
With her spousal garments undefil'd,
And the Golden Keys in her hand display'd,
Comes forth from the desert, our mother mild,
And kneels at the tomb where her Lord was laid ;—
From the tomb she turns, and essays to lift,
To the cross hard by, her tearful glance,
And a glorious smile, like a sunbeam swift,
Breaks over her radiant countenance,
For a bright innumerable host she sees,
From the heavenly portals thronging fast,
And the stir of their jubilant ministries,
Through all the tremulous air hath past,
And bright in the van with their helms of flame,
And their swords of fire, God's champions stand,
The spirits of old renown, whose name
Are watchwords of power to all the band.

XXXII

Then sound the trump, Archangel !—sound abroad
O'er earth and sea, the summons of the Lord !—
Array the strong Church militant of God,

Exalt on high the old, celestial sword ;
Through all the legions let the battle-word
Roll on :—till every spirit catch the flame,
Till every soldier with true zeal is stirr'd,
And for the honor of God's holy name,
Drive all the Dragon's hosts to their foul dens of shame.

THE END.

NOTES.

I.

Nor ye who claim the song, nor ye who list
Its faltering tones.

PART I.—VII.

IN allusion to the circumstances under which the poem was originally delivered before a mixed audience, assembled at the Anniversary of the Literary Societies, in fulfilment of whose appointment it was prepared.

II.

How first the glories of th' Incarnate Word
Reveal'd to angels—

PART I.—IX.

The author is aware that this is not the idea conveyed in *Paradise Lost*. In the fifth book of the Poem, Milton makes the cause of the revolt of Lucifer and his angels to have been, that God, on a certain day, in heaven, before the creation of this lower world, summoned all the angels to attend, and there declared his son to be their Lord and King, and applies to that day the seventh verse of second Psalm *Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee*. This supposes that the angels were ignorant of the blessed Trinity; and that they refused to acknowledge him for their King, whom they had always adored as their Lord. Milton's scheme of the angels' revolt, therefore, cannot either answer to the eternal generation of the Son, which was

before the angels had a being, or to his temporal generation of the Virgin Mary, that being long after the fall of the angels.

"If Mr. Milton," observes Leslie, "had made the cause of their discontent to have been the incarnation of Christ, then, at that time revealed to the angels; and their contesting in such manner as hereafter told for the dignity of the angelic above that of the human race, his contexture had been nearer to the truth, and might have been much more poetical in the severe and just measure of poetry, which ought not to exceed the bounds of probability, nor to expatiate into effeminate romance, but to express truth in an exalted and manly improvement of thought."

Works of the Rev. Charles Leslie, Vol. VII., page 440, Sermon on Michaelmas-day.

III.

Cast down that ancient dragon, dark and grim ! Intro.

The reader will at once recall the first stanza of the beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber, on Michaelmas-day.

O, Captain of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armed seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient dragon, dark and grim !

IV.

And cloth'd the burden of his eloquent thought
In words that cannot die,—“When the dim goal, etc.—PART I.—XIII.

O præclarum diem quum ad illud divinum animorum concilium
cætumque proficiscar: quumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam

Cicero de Senec, 85.

V.

Thy triumphs Michael ! glorious champion PART I.—XV.
Archangel

“It is a scriptural idea,” says Professor Stuart, (*Bibliotheca Sacra*, Part I., page 105,) “that angels are the guardians of particu-

lar nations and kingdoms, as well as of particular individuals. In this light I understand those texts which refer to the angel of the Lord who guided Israel from Egypt to the promised land. See Ex. 14, 19, 23, 20, 33, 2 Num. 20, 16. Josh. 5, 13. Is. 63, 9. The book of Daniel makes a peculiar development of this general idea. In Daniel 10, 5, 13, 20, 21, 11, 1, one of the guardian angels of the Jews (probably Gabriel) exhibits himself as a protector, and as struggling with the kings of Persia for the liberation of the Jewish exiles. In the discharge of this duty, Michael, the chief guardian of the same people, comes to help him; Daniel 10, 13. In Daniel 12, 1, Michael is represented as "contending with Satan about the body of Moses." Whether the "body of Moses" here means his proper and literal body which the Lord secretly buried, Deut. 34, 5, 6, or whether this is spoken in accordance with the *usus loquendi* of Christians, and so, analogically with this, Jude means to designate the ancient Church of God, matters little."

The present poem is founded upon the intimation contained in Rev. xii. 7, and the only object of the author has been, by a poetic license, which he trusts has not been abused, to exhibit Michael as the representative of those holy and powerful spirits, who we are warranted in believing, minister to the Church in her conflicts with the Devil. This *machinery*, if he may be allowed to introduce the term in connection with a lyric, he has employed but sparingly, for fear of running into allegory, but yet he trusts it has been sufficiently employed to preserve the unity of the piece. Whatever interpretation we may give to the passage in Revelations xii. 7, etc., "it is" as Mr. Townsend (Notes on the Epistles, page 412,*) observes, "only rational to infer a continued and persevering opposition is made by the great adversary of men to frustrate the plans of Omnipotence for their salvation; and that heavenly spirits protect and minister to the children of light and preserve them from the powers of evil and the children of darkness."

VI.

The hour wherein to faith's unclouded sight,
Present and future with the past unite. PART I.—XX.

The fall of Jerusalem, to the Christian student of history, seems to present itself as the central point from which all the dispensations of God, past and future, and all the developments of Divine Providence are to be viewed. To him there are but two grand historical periods, the first, of preparation, included in the Ante-Christian ; the second, of developments, as shown by the progress of Christianity and the history of the visible Church of Christ.

VII.

Proud cities fall and nature's fruitful bed
Turns to a desert 'neath his courser's tread.—*Part II.—XX.*

It was the boast of Attila, surnamed the "Scourge of God," that no grass should grow wherever his courser passed.

VIII.

From chambers foul and vile
Where sleeps the hero-dust of Macedon
Girt by the waters of the sluggish Nile
A serpent brood in varied guise comes on ;
Part I.—XXVI.

The allusion here is to the Eclectic or New Platonic philosophy, which originated at Alexandria with Plotinus, a disciple of Ammonius, of which Plotinus and Porphyry mentioned in stanza *xxix*, may be considered the leading representatives. (*Fleury, Eccl. Hist.*, conclusion of book *vii*.) This new Platonic philosophy very soon came to be the only one in vogue ; the other sects, such as the Sceptical, the Epicurean, and even the Stoical, ceased to preserve their distinct and individual appearance. It was this philosophy which for a long time contended against Christianity with the most

violent exertions of intellectual strength, which had hopes in the Emperor Julian of acquiring an entire victory, of preserving unbroken the old popular creed, and infusing into it the charms of a new life, by interpreting its allegories and spiritualizing its personifications. *See Schlegel Hist. of Literature, p. 98.*

IX.

When old Ignatius, etc.

Part I.—XXIII.

ST. IGNATIUS, was made Bishop of Antioch by St. John the Evangelist. He suffered martyrdom under Trajan; being exposed to wild beasts in the theatre at Rome. Tillemont, Mem., Tom. 2, Part 2.

JUSTIN, surnamed the *Martyr*, was a heathen philosopher who became a zealous supporter of Christianity. He suffered martyrdom in the second century, under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. He wrote two apologies for the Christians, besides a dialogue with Trypho. Fleury Ecc. Hist.

POLYCARP, Bishop of Smyrna, was martyred in the reign of the same Emperor. See Wake's Apostolic Fathers. The life and martyrdom of Polycarp are the subject of the 5th chapter of Milner's History of the Ch. Century II. Vol. I, page 176, as those of Justin Martyr are of Ch. III, of the same, page 161, etc.

CYPRIAN, Bishop of Carthage, suffered martyrdom A. D. 258. For an account of his life and labors, See Murdock's Mosheim, Vol. I, note to page 210.

X.

Till primal creed and old TE DEUM

Part I.—XXIX.

The author is aware of the slight anachronism in this stanza. The *Te Deum* is said to have been composed by St. Ambrose, and first sung at the baptism of St. Augustine, though afterwards the people,

as Ambrose himself says, daily repeated it with great devotion and delight.

XI.

To fam'd Nicæa's council halls. *Part I.—XXXI.*

The Catholic Church, says Mr. Palmer, (*Treatise on the Church*, Vol. II, Chapter 9,) has never received or approved more than six synods as œcumenical, which are as follows—1. The Synod of 318 Bishops at Nice, in Bithynia, A. D. 325 ; 2. The Synod of 150 Bishops, at Constantinople, A. D. 381 ; 3. The Synod of 200 Bishops at Ephesus, A. D. 431 ; 4. The Synod of 630 Bishops at Chalcedon, A. D. 451 ; 5. The Synod of 165 Bishops at Constantinople, A. D. 553 ; 6. The Synod of 170 Bishops at Constantinople, A. D. 680. Some of our theologians, as Hooker and Andrews, acknowledge only four œcumenical Synods ; those which are the principal and which virtually include the others.

The six œcumenical Synods were also received by the Polish Confession, and generally acknowledged by the Lutheran and the Reformed. Calvin says—"six priscas illas synodos ut Nicænam, Constantinopolitanam, Ephesinam primam, Chalcedonensem, ac similes quæ confutandis erroribus habitæ sunt libenter amplectimur, reveremurque ut sacrosanctos quantum attinet ad fidei dogmata." The Helvetic Confession, 1566, Cap. XI, receives the creeds and doctrines of the first four, and principal councils and all others like them. The Centuriators of Madgeburg admit the six œcumenical synods.

See Palmer, Vol II, Chapter 9, with the Notes.

XII.

Basil and high-soul'd Gregory.—etc. *Part I.—XXXIII.*

Basil, and Gregory Nazianzen, are mentioned as the representatives of many who were cotemporary with and succeeded them.

XIV.

Faithful among the faithless found.

PART II.—XI.

"Even in the most ignorant and corrupt ages of the Church there were some faithful among the faithless found." Even amidst that gloomy night of superstition called "the dark ages," there were some who "watched the vestal lamp" which God had lighted in his Church, and prevented the light of truth and the fires of devotion from being utterly extinguished. The Waldenses and the Albigenses who, under the persecutions of Rome and protesting against its corruption, maintained the purity of Christian faith and practice, were in spiritual fellowship with hundreds and thousands of God's secret ones, who though in the bosom of that Church, and mourning over its anti-Christian errors and tyranny, yet maintained communion with the Saviour, and walked before God in faith and holiness and love."

Bishop Henshaw.

XV.

"An angel in the midst of heaven."

PART II.—XII.

"The proclamations of the three angels are to be considered as representing the various ends which God designs to accomplish by means of the glorious Reformation. One of these ends was a restoration of the Church to its purity. Another was to expose the errors, superstitions, idolatry and tyranny which had so long ruled in the Church, and kept the minds of men in the bondage of ignorance and sin. But the most glorious effect of this remarkable work of God is the diffusion of light and purity throughout an ignorant and corrupted world."

Bishop Henshaw.

XVI.

Outrode the storm, but not unharmed.

PART II. XV.

"Highly as we prize the glorious Reformation—and too highly we

cannot come to be the instrument of unspeakable benefits to the Church and to the world, we cannot not lament that, through the influence of human agency, it was made the *innocent occasion* of some evils, which befall and only men who began and carried on the work did not contemplate, and which they, had they foreseen them, they would have most bitterly deplored." The allusion in this passage is not to the leading Reformers of the Continent, but to those sects, who retaining the name of Christianity but denying its power, veiled the anxious souls of Luther and his coadjutors with their dreadful persecutions of the minority wherewith Christ had made them free," and laid the foundation for the worst heresies and distractions of modern times. The leading Reformers had no intention of establishing a new Church, they only aimed at purifying the old. Their design was to sweep away what was the work of human wickedness and corruption, and to leave what was divine untouched in all its primitive beauty and integrity.

Firmly grounded as his own views are in the belief of the Unity, Universality and Apostolicity of the Church, the author doubts not but that many of the Lord's secret and chosen ones are to be found among those who are unhappily estranged from the courts in which it is his privilege to minister. And he can sincerely wish "grace, mercy and peace to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," whatever name they may be called by, and to whatever denomination they may belong. But he holds it to be no less the duty of all who desire the display of the Redeemer's glory, to pray for the coming of that time when there shall be "no schism in the body"—when "there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

See *Bishop Henshaw's Lectures on Second Advent*, p. 88, etc.

XVII.

Wrought greater ruin to her strength
Than that which schism brought on at length.

PART II.—XVI.

The most trifling causes have sometimes been deemed a sufficient

justification for rending the body of Christ. Some have come to the conclusion that religion is left entirely to human regulation, that men have as much right to "heap to themselves teachers" and appoint men to act as ministers of God as they have to elect civil magistrates, or to appoint agents and servants in their secular business;—that they may as lawfully institute Churches as organize political cliques or literary clubs. Nothing can justify separation but the imposition of unlawful terms of communion. And we doubt not that if those wise and holy men, who with the purest intentions, renounced their allegiance to Rome when her tyranny seemed to render separation a sacred duty, could have foreseen the result, they would have united in the sentiment of Chrysostom—Οὐδὲν γὰρ οὐτω παροξύνει τὸν Θεὸν ὥς ἐκκλησία διαιρεθῆναι.

That the Church of Rome *did* impose unlawful terms of communion, no well-informed Christian can deny; and seeing that she refused to reform herself, it was the duty of the faithful to "come out from her" and "be separate." With her there can be *no* union. "Her communion is infected with heresy; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. She has established a lie in the place of God's truth; and by her claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin she has done. She cannot repent. She must be destroyed. She cannot be reformed." Great were the privileges which were vouchsafed to the Church of England, who, by God's grace was enabled to reform herself without separation from the visible body of Christ. If the less favored Protestants of the Continent had seen it to be their duty to bide God's time, or had been privileged to remain without separate organizations, until the way should open for union with a Reformed communion, how glorious might now have been the aspect of Protestant Christendom

Townsend on New Testament, Note 2, Part 4. Henshaw's Second Advent.

XVIII.

Then first the Anti-Christ was seen. PART II.—XX.

The author is inclined to adopt the view, that *the* Anti-Christ of St John, is an infidel power, with whom, in the last days, the Papacy—the MAN OF SIN—shall coalesce, to oppress the saints of God. Was not the dawn of the anti-Christian age, at the period of the French Revolution? “Ever since the French Revolution,” says Dr. Henshaw, “the spirit of infidelity and atheism has been rife in the world. It has descended from the chair of the philosopher to the cottage of the peasant, to the loom of the crowded manufactory, and to the work-bench of the mechanic. It breathes its pestilence in the strains of Poesy—whispers its skepticism in our books of Science—infuses its poison into our popular literature, and scatters the seeds of corruption and death by the busy and ever active machinery of the Periodical press.”

XIX.

She, in that solemn hour,
When o'er thy brow, baptismal waters fell.
PART II.—XXVIII.

“Baptism is not only a sign of profession and mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others, that be not christened; but it is also a sign of regeneration or new birth, whereby as an instrument they that receive baptism rightly are grafted into the Church; the promises of the forgiveness of sin, and of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed, faith is confirmed, and grace increased by virtue of prayer unto God.”

ART. XXVII.

So also the Presbyterian confession. “Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament ordained by Jesus Christ, not only for the *solemn admission* of the party baptized into the visible Church, but also to be unto him a *sign* and *seal* of the covenant of grace, of his

engrafting into Christ, of his *regeneration of remission of sins*, and of his giving up unto God, through Jesus Christ, to walk in newness of life. *Question 165, Pres. Con.* See also the Westminster Confession of Faith, Chapter 28th, and that of the Reformed Dutch Church. And generally the Scottish, Helvetic, Belgic and French Confessions.

XX.

And the Golden Keys in her hand display'd.

Part II.—XXXI.

The power of binding and loosing, of declaring what is lawful and what is unlawful, is evidently the highest power of governing; and of imposing laws for the guidance and direction of the Spiritual Society of the Church. It was the belief of the Primitive Church that this power was confided to the Apostles; and as far as the circumstances of the various Churches may require, was continued to their successors. The power of binding and loosing is generally called *the power of the Keys*, and consists of authority to admit into the Church, and to exclude from it; and it implies, as the words of our Lord decidedly assert, the power to condemn *for* sin, and to absolve *from* sin. See Townsend's Notes on New Testament, Note 19, Part IV. Potter's Ch. Government, Ch. V. Scott's Christian Life, Part II, Chapter VII.

The commission given by Christ to his Apostles runs thus—"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." (Matt xxviii, 19, 20, and John xx, 21, 23.) This power of the remission of sins, the Church, therefore, supposes to be derived from the Apostles to their successors; with this abatement, that the

Apostles had the power of discerning the spirits and hearts of men, which their successors have not, and who only can pronounce conditionally. It is most true, indeed, that God alone can forgive sins, for he is the sole author of all blessings, both temporal and spiritual, but that he can declare his gracious assurances of pardon, and convey his blessings to us by what means and instruments he sees fit, is no less certain. In whatever way he vouchsafes to do it, it is our duty humbly and thankfully to receive them, and not to dispute his wisdom in the choice of those means and instruments. It is no absurdity to say that *God* pardons, when the declaration of absolution is made by his minister, in the way of his appointment, and upon the conditions of the Gospel. Nor is it an invasion of the prerogatives of God, any more than it tends to impair the privileges of a temporal governor, when an officer of his appointment delivers a sealed pardon to a condemned malefactor. And if, when a declaration is made by the minister, according to the Evangelical conditions, any person should not be truly pardoned, it will not be for want of authority in the minister, but for want of real penitence in the person. Brownell's Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer.

ERRATA.

Page 29, Strophe XVI, line 4, for "Sythia" read "Scythia."

" 30, " XVI, line 13, for "tier" read "tiar."

" 32, " XVIII, line 10, for "sweel" read "swell."

" 32, " " line 20, for "host" read "hosts."

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as Ambrose himself says, daily repeated it with great devotion and delight.

XI.

To sam'd Nicea's council halls. *Part I.—XXXI.*

The Catholic Church, says Mr. Palmer, (*Treatise on the Church*, Vol. II, Chapter 9,) has never received or approved more than six synods as œcumenical, which are as follows—1. The Synod of 318 Bishops at Nice, in Bithynia, A. D. 325 ; 2. The Synod of 150 Bishops, at Constantinople, A. D. 381 ; 3. The Synod of 200 Bishops at Ephesus, A. D. 431 ; 4. The Synod of 630 Bishops at Chalcedon, A. D. 451 ; 5. The Synod of 165 Bishops at Constantinople, A. D. 553 ; 6. The Synod of 170 Bishops at Constantinople, A. D. 680. Some of our theologians, as Hooker and Andrews, acknowledge only four œcumenical Synods ; those which are the principal and which virtually include the others.

The six œcumenical Synods were also received by the Polish Confession, and generally acknowledged by the Lutheran and the Reformed. Calvin says—"six priscas illas synodos ut Nicœnam, Constantinopolitanum, Ephesinam primam, Chalcedonensem, ac similes quæ confutandis erroribus habitæ sunt libenter amplectimur, reveremurque ut sacrosanctos quantum attinet ad fidei dogmata." The Helvetic Confession, 1566, Cap. XI, receives the creeds and doctrines of the first four, and principal councils and all others like them. The Centuriators of Madgeburg admit the six œcumenical synods.

See Palmer, Vol II, Chapter 9, with the Notes.

XII.

Basil and high-soul'd Gregory.—etc. *Part I.—XXXIII.*

Basil, and Gregory Nazianzen, are mentioned as the representatives of many who were cotemporary with and succeeded them.

XIV.

Faithful among the faithless found. PART II.—XI.

"Even in the most ignorant and corrupt ages of the Church there were some faithful among the faithless found." Even amidst that gloomy night of superstition called "the dark ages," there were some who "watched the vestal lamp" which God had lighted in his Church, and prevented the light of truth and the fires of devotion from being utterly extinguished. The Waldenses and the Albigenses who, under the persecutions of Rome and protesting against its corruption, maintained the purity of Christian faith and practice, were in spiritual fellowship with hundreds and thousands of God's secret ones, who though in the bosom of that Church, and mourning over its anti-Christian errors and tyranny, yet maintained communion with the Saviour, and walked before God in faith and holiness and love."

Bishop Henshaw.

XV.

"An angel in the midst of heaven." PART II.—XII.

"The proclamations of the three angels are to be considered as representing the various ends which God designs to accomplish by means of the glorious Reformation. One of these ends was a restoration of the Church to its purity. Another was to expose the errors, superstitions, idolatry and tyranny which had so long ruled in the Church, and kept the minds of men in the bondage of ignorance and sin. But the most glorious effect of this remarkable work of God is the diffusion of light and purity throughout an ignorant and corrupted world."

Bishop Henshaw.

XVI.

Outrode the storm, but not unharmed. PART II. · XV.

"Highly as we prize the glorious Reformation—and too highly we

cannot prize it, as the instrument of unspeakable benefits to the Church and to the world, we cannot but lament that, through the influence of human corruption, it was made the *innocent occasion* of some evils, which the valiant and holy men who began and carried on the work did not contemplate, and which they, had they foreseen them, they would have most bitterly deplored." The allusion in this strophe, is not to the leading Reformers of the Continent, but to those sects, who retaining the name of Christianity but denying its power, vexed the anxious souls of Luther and his coadjutors with their dreadful perversions of the "liberty wherewith Christ had made them free," and laid the foundation for the worst heresies and distractions of modern times. The leading Reformers had no intention of establishing a new Church, they only aimed at purifying the old. Their design was to sweep away what was the work of human wickedness and corruption, and to leave what was divine untouched in all its primitive beauty and integrity.

Firmly grounded as his own views are in the belief of the Unity, Universality and Apostolicity of the Church, the author doubts not but that many of the Lord's secret and chosen ones are to be found among those who are unhappily estranged from the courts in which it is his privilege to minister. And he can sincerely wish "grace, mercy and peace to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," whatever name they may be called by, and to whatever denomination they may belong. But he holds it to be no less the duty of all who desire the display of the Redeemer's glory, to pray for the coming of that time when there shall be "no schism in the body"—when "there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

See Bishop Henshaw's *Lectures on Second Advent*, p. 88, etc.

XVII.

Wrought greater ruin to her strength
Than that which schism brought on at length.

PART II.—XVI.

The most trifling causes have sometimes been deemed a sufficient

justification for rending the body of Christ. Some have come to the conclusion that religion is left entirely to human regulation, that men have as much right to "heap to themselves teachers" and appoint men to act as ministers of God as they have to elect civil magistrates, or to appoint agents and servants in their secular business;—that they may as lawfully institute Churches as organize political cliques or literary clubs. Nothing can justify separation but the imposition of unlawful terms of communion. And we doubt not that if those wise and holy men, who with the purest intentions, renounced their allegiance to Rome when her tyranny seemed to render separation a sacred duty, could have foreseen the result, they would have united in the sentiment of Chrysostom—*Οὐδεν γαρ ουτω παροξυνει τον Θεον ὡς ἐκκλησια διαιρεθῆναι*.

That the Church of Rome *did* impose unlawful terms of communion, no well-informed Christian can deny; and seeing that she refused to reform herself, it was the duty of the faithful to "come out from her" and "be separate." With her there can be *no* union. "Her communion is infected with heresy; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. She has established a lie in the place of God's truth; and by her claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin she has done. She cannot repent. She must be destroyed. She cannot be reformed." Great were the privileges which were vouchsafed to the Church of England, who, by God's grace was enabled to reform herself without separation from the visible body of Christ. If the less favored Protestants of the Continent had seen it to be their duty to bide God's time, or had been privileged to remain without separate organizations, until the way should open for union with a Reformed communion, how glorious might now have been the aspect of Protestant Christendom.

Townsend on New Testament, Note 2, Part 4. Henshaw's Second Advent.

XVIII.

Then first the Anti-Christ was seen. PART II.—XX.

The author is inclined to adopt the view, that *the* Anti-Christ of St John, is an infidel power, with whom, in the last days, the Papacy—the MAN OF SIN—shall coalesce, to oppress the saints of God. Was not the dawn of the anti-Christian age, at the period of the French Revolution? “Ever since the French Revolution,” says Dr. Henshaw, “the spirit of infidelity and atheism has been rife in the world. It has descended from the chair of the philosopher to the cottage of the peasant, to the loom of the crowded manufactory, and to the work-bench of the mechanic. It breathes its pestilence in the strains of Poesy—whispers its skepticism in our books of Science—infuses its poison into our popular literature, and scatters the seeds of corruption and death by the busy and ever active machinery of the Periodical press.”

XIX.

She, in that solemn hour,
When o'er thy brow, baptismal waters fell.
PART II.—XXVIII.

“Baptism is not only a sign of profession and mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others, that be not christened; but it is also a sign of regeneration or new birth, whereby as an instrument they that receive baptism rightly are grafted into the Church; the promises of the forgiveness of sin, and of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed, faith is confirmed, and grace increased by virtue of prayer unto God.”

ART. XXVII.

So also the Presbyterian confession. “Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament ordained by Jesus Christ, not only for the *solemn admission* of the party baptized into the visible Church, but also to be unto him a *sign* and *seal* of the covenant of grace, of his

